Iron County Register
BY ELI D. AKE.
IRONTON. - - MISSOURI

BAR HARBOR.

A Wild, Weird Tale of Love and Adventure.

BY AMOS LEE.

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER XXVI.—CONTINUED.

"That's Louvait!" ejaculated Leroi, and thereupon wrote a message that ran as follows:

"Chief of Police, Bar Harbor, Me.

"Arrest escaped lunatic arriving Sappho, Vestibule express." Here followed a description of his person, much as given by the engineer of 5:30.

Leroi arrived at the Ferry just a half hour after the Sappho had left. The little steamer Electra lay in waiting for him.

Now as to Louvait. That wily individual certainly didn't propose being caught in any such trap as he had set so successfully for Leroi. As the Sappho approached the wharf he cautiously reconnoitred the "lay of the land."

The tide was low. Passengers all landed from the upper deck. At the end of the gang-plank stood the usual band of porters and hackmen, reinforced, he had no doubt, by several policemen in readiness to pounce upon him.

The boat lay snugly against the wharf. From her lower deck he could easily touch the cross-beams that supported the flooring of the wharf above. Already the passengers were preparing to land, and, with the deck-hands and officials, were congregated on the forward deck, but, unfortunately for Louvait, just where they could see him should he attempt to land by way of the wharf. He went to the other side. Nothing could be achieved there. Already the passengers were filing off. If those policemen—and Louvait was right; they *were* watching for him on the wharf—should not discover him among the passengers they would search the steamer.

"Now, or never!" quoth Louvait.

Taking a small phial out of his valise, he went to the side of the boat opposite the wharf. Calling to the engineer, he asked him for a match, and, while lighting a cigarette, pretended accidentally to drop the phial, which was thus shivered to atoms and the contents spilled all over the deck.

Simulating great perturbation, Louvait also dropped his lighted match and cigarette. In an instant a tremendous sheet of flame arose and enveloped that side of the boat. Both he and the engineer yelled: "Fire! fire!" and every body came rushing around to discover the cause of the outcry.

Louvait in the general excitement escaped, pulled off his false beard and other disguises, and observing that the universal attention was directed toward the fire, lightly swung himself up by the nearest cross-beam. Then, hand over hand, he drew himself the entire length of the long wharf, occasionally resting, until he gained the rocks, upon which he dropped gasping, but triumphant, for no one had seen him.

The policemen were now anxiously searching the wharf and steamer. But he was safe. He had beaten Leroi again. The coast was clear; the field his own. Now to business.

CHAPTER XXVII.
FAREWELL.

As Natalie and Lydia were conversing after their lunch, Dolores, who had gone to the window, called out:

'Little mamma,' there is our steamer come to take us away. Come and look at it."

The two women, looking up, saw a yacht anchored off the shore. Natalie instantly exclaimed:

"It is the 'Namovna.' Oh! I hope it has come for us. If it has, I shall go now—at once."

"But, my dear child, it isn't possible to start so quickly. Can't you wait until to-morrow morning?"

"No, no. Oh! no. I prefer to go now—I *must*."

Blanche soon appeared, saying that the captain was "waiting, and the ladies must be ready to start by five o'clock *sharp*."

"Do you hear, Lydia?" said Natalie triumphantly. "There is no alternative. We *must* go."

"Every thing is ready, too, Madamoiselle," remarked Blanche. "Medji is being taken on board, and the sailors are soon coming for the baggage."

"Well, Natalie," said Lydia with unusual compliance, "if we must, we must. Only I shall be obliged immediately to go to Desert Rock and explain matters to the Gulnares, and send our baggage down here."

Precisely at ten minutes to five o'clock the entire party—Natalie, Lydia, her aunt, Dolores, Blanche and the servants—was at the landing-place of Eld-Field, awaiting the arrival of the boat from the "Namovna."

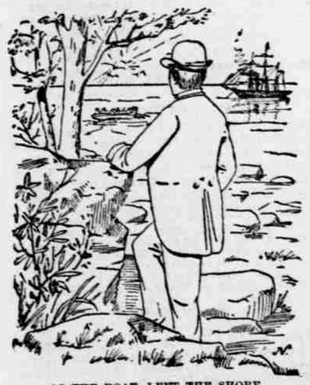
Some discussion had arisen as to the disposal of Max. But a line from Fairfax to Lydia said:

"Do me the favor of taking Max with you I have once and for all given him to Dolores."

Fairfax had not appeared, and both girls knew they would not see him. No reference was made to him in the least.

The boat came for its last load. In silence they stepped into it, even little Dolores making no remark. Max seemed to feel that he was leaving his master and home. In a forlorn manner he took his stand in the bow.

As the boat left the shore a dejected-looking figure quitted Glen Gore cottage and slowly walked to the shore. From the shelter of the low growth of trees near the rock a stern, sad pair of eyes observed the



AS THE BOAT LEFT THE SHORE.

boat's progress toward the yacht; watched its party go on board; saw the water boil when the screw began to revolve, and viewed the yacht swing slowly around and, with increasing speed, move toward the open sea.

The sunset was magnificent and the sky, toward the west, one mass of flashing red and gold—gorgeous beyond description. It lighted the tops of old Green and Newport mountains, whose vast masses of stone cut off the rays of the ruby light from the shores of Cromwell's Harbor.

The yacht suddenly came into the full glory of the dying sun. Fairfax had unconsciously emerged from his shelter, and now stood upon the rocks in open view, his hands clasped behind him and his chin sunk down upon his breast, gazing mournfully after the fast-receding vessel, upon whose stern he could distinguish three figures looking silently toward the vanishing coast—one that of a child. The others were plainly Natalie and Lydia.

One of them moved toward the cabin, but, ere entering, turned, as by a sudden uncontrollable impulse, and waved her handkerchief toward Fairfax, disappearing quickly down the passage-way.

Who was it? He could not distinguish. He could only conjecture.

Twilight rapidly descended and darkness began to cover the land. The air grew damp and chill, and the rising wind whistled dismally through the pines. One by one the lamps in the lighthouses were lit. The yacht was speedily becoming a black, shapeless figure against the horizon, and her lights twinkled feebly over the rolling waters.

With lightning rapidity, the past was reviewing itself through Fairfax's mind, what had been done? And what had happened?

Almost at this very hour, scarcely more than a month ago, he had seen Natalie for the first time in his life.

What had occurred in that period?

Nearly a life-time's history.

And what was the end?

His hopes, as a lover, were ruined. His future still covered with the mists of uncertainty that hung over it more heavily than ever. He was still poor. He owed an enormous sum. This sum he felt it his sacred duty to repay. And he must again return to his lowly and despised duties.

"And I am the man to do it." said he to himself. "I have learned one thing—never again to take the reins of fate in hand. If it is yet to be, it will be, and nothing I can do will change it. If it is not to be, I rest content to know that I was once loved by her."

CHAPTER XXVIII.
"MR. FAIRFAX, I BELIEVE!"

The sun had sunk below the horizon; the sky became darkened, and the lights of the "Namovna" more and more dim. Fairfax roused himself from his reverie, gave one last look at the yacht, with a silent prayer for her safety, and was turning back to the world and to work, when an iron hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a clear voice, with a slightly foreign accent, uttered the self-answered question:

"Mr. Fairfax, I believe?"

Naturally somewhat startled, Fairfax looked at the face of his interlocutor. In the darkness, he could distinguish a short, stout man with a strong Napoleonic nose and jaw. He knew it could be no other than Louvait, of St. Malo.

"Ah!" said he, quickly, "Monsieur Jean Louvait, I've been expecting you. I am delighted to see you."

Louvait, in his turn, was surprised. How did this man know him? Where had he ever seen him? Again, supposing he had seen him, how was he aware of the presence in America of the detective, Jean Louvait, who was supposed to be at his post in St. Malo? His respect for the wonderful cleverness of this Fairfax increased. Recovering himself, he said abruptly.

"Where is the Princess Natalie?"

Fairfax made no reply, but pointed to the scarcely visible lights of the "Namovna." Louvait looked and understood. With an oath he brought down his clenched fist upon his thigh, and quickly turning to Fairfax, he assumed his most pleasant smile and held out his hand, saying:

"Mr. Fairfax, you are the most clever man I ever saw. You have spoiled the making of the finest detective in all Europe. I am beaten, but respect you with a respect I give to no other man. How did you accomplish it?"

A little flattered by such praise from a man himself so able, Fairfax entered into a more pleasant humor, and putting his arm through Louvait's, said:

"Friend Louvait, you have not dined. You must be hungry. Come with me and we'll talk it all over together over a bottle of wine and cigars. To-morrow morning I leave. We may not meet again."

The two, detective and detected, the one unsuccessful, the other successful, yet defeated, passed leisurely over the meadow toward Glen Gore cottage.

As they neared the house a tall, muscular figure, with long, firm strides, came swinging down the road that wound up to the cottage. Louvait disengaged his arm from that of Fairfax, with the remark:

"Stop! I think I see a friend coming."

Picking up the dead branch of a tree he planted himself in the new-comer's path, shouldered the limb as he would a musket, and assuming a bombastic attitude, called out in mocking tones:

"'Ah! who art thou that's crossed the sea,
That dark and stormy water?
The bird has flown, fair Natalie,
'Tis all in vain we've sought her.'

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign, or I'll shoot you on the spot. My very dear, much respected and clever brother detective, allow me to inform you that although I have beaten you in every point, here is a gentleman who has beaten me, and consequently both of us."

"Mr. Fairfax, allow me to present my greatest rival, Jean Leroi."

"Monsieur Leroi, you must come with us for a bite and a glass of wine," said Fairfax, shaking hands with the new comer.

Arm in arm the trio, Fairfax in the center, sauntered down the avenue and entered the cottage, where they were duly presented to Miss Strong.

There was a brilliant, if small party at Glen Gore that evening.

Louvait and Leroi could assume at will the *role* of a gentleman or a peasant with such cleverness that the genuine members of either class could with difficulty be persuaded that they beheld only veneering. Each man of the company was seeking to cover up his own individual disappointments. Each man had risked a great deal in this affair of the abduction. Each recognized in the others men of unusual ability, of extraordinary courage and determination; and each was bent upon creating in the others a favorable opinion as regards himself.

That little dining-room re-echoed with such brilliant sallies of wit, such astonishing anecdotes, such marvellously keen opinions of men and matters in general, that Miss Strong listened in pure delight and wonder. She afterward declared that, although it had been her good fortune to hear some of the brighest wits and table-talkers of the day, she had never before listened to such a meteorically-brilliant display of conversational ability.

After dinner the men lingered over their wine and cigars. Fairfax took advantage of a temporary lull in the conversation to say:

"Mr. Louvait, you are anxious to hear my story. I will tell you with pleasure, but only on one condition. First, however, let me inform you that the Princess Natalie Radziwill is now on her way back to Europe under the protection of the Lady Lydia Broadacres."

Louvait and Leroi both stared at this. "She will prefer no charge whatsoever against me. On the contrary, she and lady Lydia both desire to keep the matter as quiet and secret as possible. I have the latter's own word for it. Furthermore, no effort will be made even to discover who were my coadjutors in the abduction. They will endeavor, in every way, to protect from the law the owner of the yacht that brought us hither—and you, gentlemen, of course, know all about that—and also to protect all others directly or indirectly connected with the affair. You see it will be futile to attempt anything farther.

"Will you, gentlemen, give me your promise that you will let the matter drop?"

For a moment there was silence. Louvait was the first to speak.

"I will," said he, "but only upon one condition, as I consider it useless to pursue the business farther. And then, again, I'm anxious to learn if your story coincides with my theory."

"I will, also, Mr. Fairfax, and for the same reasons," added Leroi.

"What is your condition, Mr. Louvait?" inquired the American.

"That, if your story agrees with my theory, of which I have a copy in my pocket—if it agrees with my theory, you will promise to write it out in full, secure the signatures of all participants therein and append your own, together with that of the proper magistrate, in order to attest the genuineness of the document which you must promise to send me. Is it not justice that I should desire to advance my reputation among those of my profession?"

At the close of Fairfax's recital, Louvait vehemently struck the table with his fists and ejaculated:

"Good! My theory to a T! The theory that precisely one month ago I sent to the head of the police department."

"What!" interrupted Leroi, "you sent

"ARE YOU ANXIOUS TO HEAR MY STORY?"

your theory to Paris a month ago! I did the same thing, but only just before I left France."

"Now," said Fairfax, "I have told my story. Let me hear yours."

Whereupon both Louvait and Leroi narrated their adventures, their various haps and mishaps. It was long after midnight when the party broke up. Fairfax insisted upon his guests sleeping at Glen Gore.

There was an early morning boat, upon which, next day, Leroi and Louvait embarked. At the wharf the coachman handed each man a note, just as the steamer was about leaving. Being interested in watching the village and the bay, the two travelers did not open their envelopes until later on. When they did so, each man found therein a sum that more than compensated him for his exertions and outlay, together with the request that no bill of expense be sent to the Princess' family.

Louvait and Leroi were unprincipled men, but had still a little sense of honor left. Fairfax appealed to this, and with such effect that they respected his request, and never again made reference to the matter.

Here it may be said, by anticipation, that, as a result of the promised signature-bolstered document which Fairfax afterward forwarded to Louvait and to Leroi, both of these worthies were eventually called to Paris and given prominent positions in the police department of that great city, where they are liable, at any day, to have their ambitions realized.

CHAPTER XXIX.
SLEEPER, AWAKE!

Gone were the detectives. Gone was the "Namovna" with her precious cargo. Gone, too, Miss Strong, the aunt; even the very housemaids, the grooms, the coachmen, each and all were gone and, now, Fairfax was alone once more in the deserted house, and to-morrow he, too, would go.

The mellow softness and golden warmth of Indian summer lay over all the land. For all the sounds that man might make, Glen Gore and Eld Field were still as death. Closed were the doors and blinds and the curtains drawn. No merry laugh, no happy snatch of song, no cheery call nor loving greeting was heard any more within those walls. Life had fled away with Love, side by side, and all within was dark and silent as the tomb, save when the black fly buzzed noisily in the window-pane, or some stray, adventurous cricket, essaying his solitary song in the death-quiet room, was frightened again into silence by the unwonted loudness of his own cry.

Through the lattice of one lone, open window, half hidden by climbing vines, came the soft breath of autumn, laden with fragrance from the balsam pine, the sweet ferns or the Indian grasses. Lazy wavelets droned on the beach in slow and soothing rythm; and, far away on the hillsides, the herd-bells tinkled faintly in silvery harmony, while an army of chirping insects in the grass incessantly sang their sleepy, monotonous song.

Here and there a drifting boat waved its idle wings of white on the sea, that "great sweet mother and lover of men," who gave back from her vast, slowly-heaving bosom the deep hues of a cloudless sky, blue as the bluest-vaulted dome of dreamy Italy.

Across the way stood lonely Eld-Field, empty and still.

Gone, gone, were all those happy days! Never more to be recalled! Gone with the sad-eyed Princess. Gone with Dolores and Max and Medji, far across that wide waste of waters—"Where? alas! where?"

And Arthur Fairfax, leaning a heavy, aching head on tired arms that rested in the window-sill, peered vainly out into the soft sunlight. With a sigh, he turned his eyes back again and relapsed into sorrowful thought.

All things reminded him of the past—

"Old faces glimmered thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called him from without."

Bit by bit the stealthy twilight drew near, and up from eastern waves rose a sad, pale moon—he remembered how they sat together on the rocks only the other night, silently watching its silvery beams playing over the rolling billows. Bright enough it seemed then—but now? Was she watching it, too? Would it remind her of the past?

A tear stole down over his cheek and, with a bitter sob, he hid his face in his hands and wept. Yes! he was crying! this great, strong fellow, who ever prided himself upon his stoicism and self-control.

Ah, ha! Arthur Fairfax, how often have you asked yourself the question: "Have I a heart, or not?" What is your answer, now?

The crickets still sang in the grass. An owl hooted faintly in the distance. Then flew a belated whip-poor-will and perched in a tree by the window.

"Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!" cried the bird.

Fairfax looked up.

A brilliant path of glory lay brightening across the sea, from the moon to the beach, and, just where it ended, lay a little row-boat at anchor, rising and falling on the long, lazy swell —— that boat in which the two had floated over the moon-lit waters, and dreamed the happy hours away.

Languidly he arose with a sigh, and, closing the door behind him, passed down to the shore.

With thoughts still far away, almost mechanically he loosed the boat, took the oars, and slowly pulled out to sea—that vast plain which bore upon its surface his hopes, his heart, nay! his very life. Though far apart they were, did not the same waters wash their boat's keel; were not the same stars smiling down upon both?

On, on he passed, not heeding nor caring to shape his course, oblivious to every thing but his own melancholy reflections.

The moon rose higher and higher. By little and little, the shores of the island passed into the distance.

How much farther out to sea he might have gone, or how much longer rowed, none can say; but a sudden jarring of the boat's keel, a harsh grating of pebbles against its bottom betokened the fact that his onward career was ended.

Wearily raising his head and glancing about, without surprise, as if it were all a matter of course, he slowly stepped ashore with the rope in his hand, half-consciously making it fast to a large stone close by.

He looked around.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE COMING FUNERAL.

A Few Kind and Considerate Words for the Republican Corpse.

The Republican party, evidently, has not long to live. Extraordinary efforts are being made to galvanize it into something like vitality, but it is no go. Its best friends recognize that it is in a dying condition. It is without an issue. A party without an issue is in a condition as deplorable as a sick cow that has no cud to chew. The party's second stomach has given out. The quid recommended by Blaine don't answer for a cud—for an issue. As for the bloody shirt, it is no longer an issue; it is effete, barren, exhausted, worn out. The free-trade nonsense is, if possible, more dilapidated than the bloody-shirt foolishness. The President's message has taken the country by storm. It has given all honest men a straight-out, sharply-defined issue. The Government has been robbing the people, compelling them to surrender their money when the Government had no use for it. Mr. Cleveland and the Democratic party, and the honest element of the Republican party, approve the issue, indorse the policy. They say the time has come to inaugurate an era of honesty; that stealing the people's money under cover of law is a monstrous iniquity, and that sophistry, chicanery and legal legerdemain must no longer be permitted to influence the policy of the Government.

The Republican party, it will be seen at a glance, is in a preparatory condition to hand in its checks. It has no issue. We challenge the Indianapolis *Journal* to state the issue upon which the Republican party proposes to go before the American people in the campaign of 1888. The tobacco-quid issue will not do, nor will the free whisky issue. John Sherman's effort to make the robbing of the people of $100,000,000 a year can't be made to work. Chandler's Southern election issue is already dead, and Blair's Educational bill never was an issue. It is seen that the Republican party is without an issue. To make the antagonizing of the Democratic party an issue would result disastrously, since honest Republicans indorse the Democratic policy. The conclusion is therefore inevitable that all that is left for the Republican party is to die. It is said of Indians that "the good Indian is the dead Indian." Possibly that can be said of the Republican party when gone; at any rate, it is well enough to contemplate the demise of the party and be proposed to speak kindly of it when stretched out on a cooling board, or lying cold and stiff in its winding sheet. And in this connection we are reminded of a beautiful trait in the character of a man in Illinois who always had something kind to say of the dead. It came to pass at last that a notorious reprobate died, a man of such notoriously bad character that those who knew him best could think of nothing to say of him in the way of commendation, and yet it was believed that the man who was in the habit of saying kind words of the dead would manage in this, as in every other case, to find something worthy of praise, and a bet was made that such would be the case. On the day of the funeral, the eulogist of the dead, with others, took a farewell look at the corpse. He came up solemnly, slowly, and with a benevolent look on his features. He leaned over the coffin and looked long and anxiously at the features of the dead reprobate. At last he raised his head, looked around upon his friends, and whispered with a sigh:

"Well, he had good teeth." That was all—"He had good teeth." We suggest that that much could be said of the Republican party—"It had good teeth."—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

A WAIL FROM MAINE.

Blaine's Left Bower Posing as a Civil-Service Reform Saint.

Senator Hale (Republican), of Maine, who is Blaine's right-hand man, has assailed the President on slightly better grounds than those chosen by Blaine and Sherman. They have set up the theory that Cleveland is dishonest because he is honest, that he is wasteful because he is frugal, that he is oppressive because he desires to lessen taxation. But Hale avoids this kind of a battle-ground. He calls up the Civil-Service question, and delivers a phillipic against the discharge of Republicans and the employment of Democrats. On this point he is able to say many loud things, and to pound his fist on the desk, and still not distort the truth so lamentably as Sherman twisted it the other day. For instance, Hale says no other Administration ever displaced so many men, which sounds well to a Republican, but there are two sides to that statement. Is it fair for one party to have all the offices forever? Because the Republican party absolutely banished Democrats from public life for twenty-four years, should the Democrats continue that proscription? Did not the rage of party discipline finally shame even a Republican Congress so that the Chief Executive was commanded to appoint a Democrat? And was not Leroy Thoman for a time the only Democrat in a post-bellum Federal appointive office, and then only because Congress had ordained that a Democrat should form a minority of the Civil-Service Commission and take the majority of the blame? Was it a fair Supreme Court which sat, nine in a row, all Republicans. Was it nine fair circuits and fifty fair districts, and the two or three Democratic judges tottering with age? Was it not a sardonic comment, when Cleveland went in, that there was not enough Democratic timber in the Union to construct the bare framework of an administration? Did not great officer after great officer hold to the portfolio put in his hands by Arthur? Did not the late Sterling P. Rounds stay as Public Printer long into the present term? If civil service contemplate a fair division of offices, how do the spoils stand between the two parties for a score of years? There are 5,000,000 Republicans and 5,000,000 Democrats. Since Grant went in, how have the 5,000,000 Democrats fared on the average, supposing all to be true that Hale alleges? Under his party's rule no Democrat could be trusted in office. If that rule be not good now Hale must be a trickster.

Civil service in America is an experiment. It is a death-bed conversion of the Republican party, and the heirs are left to do the penance. That penance has been performed as well as human beings ever do such things—better than Hale, or Cameron, or Conkling, or any of the bosses of other days would have endured. If the people believe President Cleveland ought to be defeated while reducing taxation because he gave 40,000 Democrats fifty-dollar post-offices in one end of the general stores of the country, then, of course, let justice be done! Let Hale put back his 40,000 blowers and strikers so that they may each contribute the $20 for which he struck the noble host in 1878, as shown by the circular which Senator Butler unfeelingly sprung on the distinguished orator of Maine.—*Chicago Herald.*

SHERMAN'S HARANGUE.

An Independent Journal on the Decay of the Republican Party.

Mr. Sherman is a man of great experience in public life, and he is one of the ablest and most eminent of the Republican leaders. The defeat of the party in 1884, and the reasons of the defeat, made it a very interesting inquiry whether those leaders, or any of them, would understand the actual change of public feeling indicated by the campaign of '84 and its results, or whether they would look upon it as a mere mischance to be avoided in '88 by "tightening the lines" and "reorganizing"—in other words, by a dull appeal to party spirit and traditions, instead of a readjustment of the party to the times. That, indeed, may not be practicable with any party. The signal illustration of its difficulty, at least, is found in the earnest endeavor of the Conscience Whigs in Massachusetts forty years ago to persuade the Whig party to adopt the anti-slavery issue. In 1847 they proposed a resolution in the State convention that Massachusetts would not support any candidate for the Presidency who was not a well-known and active anti-slavery man. The debate was very hot. Mr. Webster opposed the resolution. It was defeated, and the Conscience Whigs renounced the party and organized the Free-Soil party, and in 1853 the Whigs disappeared.

Since 1884 the Republican party seems to have lost the power of recuperation. It has certainly done very little to show that it is the party of progress and reform. Its chief canvass during this year was in Ohio. There it was successful, after a campaign conducted upon hostility to the Southern States. But Mr. Foraker was re-elected not because of such hostility, but because of the general honesty of his administration. The argument, however, that Republican National ascendency would necessarily be more honest than Democratic ascendency is annulled by the history of the whisky ring—a scandal of a kind from which the Democratic Administration has been wholly free—and by the fact that the candidate under whom the Republican party was defeated, and who has a stronger support in the party than any other leader, is the only leader who is believed by many of his own party to have trafficked in his office, and was for that reason defeated. Nothing has occurred to show that he would not be as acceptable a candidate in '88 as he was in '84; and so far as the enthusiastic preference of the party is concerned, he is still the favorite candidate. The significance of this fact, as indicating the condition of the party, escapes the attention of many Republicans.

Last spring Mr. Sherman made a speech at Nashville which seemed to show that the progressive movement of the party, if such an impulse there was, would find in him a representative. This was so evident that apparently he was himself alarmed, as if he had ventured quite beyond the general sympathy of the party. Soon after, at Springfield, in Illinois, he made another speech, in which he withdrew all the lights of hope that he had displayed at Nashville and blew them out. He has now made a third speech, in the Senate, which offers to the country, as Mr. Sherman's view of the true Republican policy, repeal of the internal taxes except the whisky tax, profuse public expenditure to extinguish a surplus and maintenance of a high protective tariff; and he has already suggested National regulation of elections in the Southern States. But this spirit of financial recklessness and expense is one of the causes which disturbed National confidence in the Republican party. The policy of taking money from the people merely to divide it again is not one which the country will approve, and the effort to regulate elections would not only be repudiated by the country, but even if it should pass into law, could not possibly accomplish its intended purpose. Mr. Sherman's speech, both in what it says and in what it omits, does not seem to prove that the Republican party is resolved to show that it is as it once was, the party of to-day and of the future.—*Harper's Weekly.*

CURRENT COMMENT.

——The report that Allison is more highly esteemed in Iowa than the "Plumed Knight" may serve to hasten the return of the "absent leader."—*Detroit Free Press.*

——Senator Voorhees stuffed a handkerchief into Senator Sherman's trumpet and the blast that Sherman blew was made to come out at the little end of the horn.—*Savannah News.*

——Mr. Blaine, in engineering his own boom, should remember that while the tariff question now takes precedence of all others, the tattoo question is not dead, but only sleeping.—*St. Louis Post.*

——The Cincinnati *Commercial*, a Republican paper, says "that there are a lot of professed Republicans in Ohio who have subterranean associations with boodlers and forgers, coal-oilers and sluggers, bribers and bullies, blackmailers and blackguards, is as well known as the existence of any other element in our political affairs."

CONCERNING DRAGS.

Why Every Agriculturist Should Have a Good One on the Farm.

In many ways these can be made useful in preparing the land for crops either in the spring or fall, and as they can be made at a comparatively small expense, and when there is not a great amount of pressing work to be done, there is no good reason why every farmer should not have a good one on the farm.

It is quite an item to have the soil prepared in a thoroughly good condition before planting or sowing the seed, and for this purpose a good drag can be used to a good advantage.

Four planks, ten feet long, eight inches wide and ten inches thick, will make a very good one for two horses. They should lap just sufficient to make them stout, and at least three pieces should be fitted in on top and the whole be bolted well together. If considered necessary a platform or seat can be arranged for the driver to ride, adding his weight to aid in leveling and fixing the soil.

Another very good drag can be made by taking little 4x4 scantling or hewing pieces of timber in the same way. It is necessary to have the bottom level, and the corners should be fitted together. Four pieces will be necessary, each ten feet long and 4x4 inches in thickness. Trim off the corners of two so that they will be like the letter V and at an angle so that at the back end they will be ten feet apart at the widest end. Put the first cross-piece at least a foot from the back end of this V and the second about two feet further forward. Fit them together so that the bottom will be smooth and level. Bolt well together and fasten a good hook on the pointed end to fasten the doubletree to. Three or four planks nailed on as a seat fastened on, will aid materially sometimes in leveling down the soil. Another one is made by taking two planks the length desired, six inches wide, and two inches thick; join together by putting two or three pieces between them, the number depending upon the length. Care should be taken to fasten securely and make firm. A tongue can be attached if necessary, and a seat on top. Another, and probably the cheapest and quickest made of them all, is to take three sticks not less than four inches in diameter, level or hew one side level, have them the length desired. Bolt three or four cross pieces as tight as possible on top to hold them well together, and attach a tongue and a seat. It is not necessary, because I have mentioned a seat, that the driver should consider it necessary to ride. The condition and strength of the team, as well as the condition of the soil, should always be considered.—*Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

Facts About Rice Corn.

Rice corn has been grown in Stafford County, Kansas, for eight years. It grows about five feet high, has a head something like some varieties of sorghum, only more oval in shape and more compact. The grains are somewhat larger, and are white; when boiled look like rice. The heads turn down, the crook in the stalk being just below the head. It matures or ripens about like sorghum. The process of gathering would be similar to that of gathering cane heads. It is gathered, thrown into heaps and threshed like other small grain. Twenty bushels to the acre would be a heavy crop. Cultivate about like sorghum. It makes fine feed for fowls—in fact, is good feed for stock generally; but it is too tedious to handle on a large scale. People in this country do not cultivate it any more except for fowls. I see many exaggerations about this crop. The above facts are all there is to it. I know both by experience and observation.—*Kansas Farmer.*

Historical Illustration.

Mother (to little Emma)—What are you going to do with that egg?

Little Emma—The teacher is going to tell us the history of Columbus, and asked every one of us to bring an egg.

Mother—But, my dear, I can't spare an egg.

Little Emma—Oh, that doesn't make any difference. Teacher told us to bring some butter if we had no eggs.—*Philadelphia Press.*

——It is said that the Astors have fixed places in the scale of authority and respect in the family. John Jacob, who is sixty-seven, is the head of the family, but through the death of his wife Mrs. William Astor will become the leader of New York society. The head of the family is known simply as "Mrs. Astor," and any other Astor in the family must place her initial or the given name of her husband before the word "Astor" upon her cards or other social documents.

——An Egyptian papyrus, forty-two feet long, containing all the chapters of the "Book of the Dead," has been unrolled at the Sage Library, in New Brunswick, N. J. It was presented by Rev. Dr. Lansing, a well-known missionary in Egypt. Experts believe it to have been written three thousand years ago.

□——If any other meal is mixed with oatmeal, as is sometimes done, rice meal is regarded as the best, though barley, bean, pea and wheat meals may be used. Only a small quantity of the rice meal should be used, but straight oatmeal would be preferred by the true lover of this cereal.

——The monument for General Toombs, of Georgia, has been at last shipped from Italy. This is the third monument that has been built. The first was lost at sea. A bed of crystals was found in the second after all had been completed except the base-rock.

——A harmless hilarity and a buoyant cheerfulness are not infrequent concomitants of genius; and we are never more deceived than when we mistake gravity for greatness, solemnity for science and vomposity for erudition.—*Colton.*

FOODS FOR HOGS.

Results of An Experiment Made at the Illinois College of Agriculture.

Bulletin No. 4 of the College of Agriculture of the University of Illinois, is a record of experiments conducted by Thomas F. Hunt. Experiment No. 1 was to determine the value of skim-milk as compared with corn meal, and the value of shelled corn as compared with corn meal. After detailing the experiment Mr. Hunt says: It appears that under favorable conditions, it requires 10 to 15 pounds of skim-milk to produce one pound of increase; that from 2½ to 3½ pounds of skim-milk are equivalent to one pound of corn meal; that the best results are obtained where the amounts of milk and corn meal used are about in the ratio of 2 to 1; and that when the price of corn is 30 cents or less per bushel, skim-milk can not be economically fed to fattening hogs, except where it is a waste product which can not be utilized in feeding young animals.

Comparing the lots fed corn meal with those fed shelled corn, it was found that about 10½ pounds of increase were produced by a bushel of corn; about 10 pounds by a bushel of corn meal. The greater cost of food per 100 pounds of increase from corn meal (practically 28 cents) was mainly due to the cost of grinding. The hog raiser considers a difference of 28 cents per 100 pounds an important matter in selling a bunch of hogs. The same difference in the cost of production is more easily within his control. Looked at from all sides these trials indicate that when fed dry, whole corn produces better results than corn meal. These gains were made during the very variable and sometimes severe weather of January and February, and the food consumed—corn only, be it remembered—cost on an average of $2.45 per 100 pounds of increase and the hogs sold at the close of the trial for $5 per cwt, leaving a handsome margin of profit besides the increased value of the hogs per pound during the feeding.

The oft-repeated statement that corn alone is not the best food, or even a fit food upon which to fatten hogs, led to a trial of oats in connection with corn, these being generally the most available foods to hog-raisers during the winter. Hogs fed corn meal and ground oats mixed in equal parts produced 100 pounds gain at a cost of $3.90. This compared with corn meal at $2.58 per 100 pounds of increase, makes the mixed food cost $1.32 more for the same amount. When corn is worth 28 cents per bushel, oats fed in this way to fattening hogs are worth but 10 cents per bushel. A bushel of corn produced nearly as much pork as three bushels of oats.

Four small pigs averaging 15½ pounds in weight and four to six weeks old, were given as a preliminary ration as much corn meal and milk as they would consume without waste for two weeks. They were then separated into two lots of two each for two weeks. One lot weighed 41 pounds and were fed all the skim-milk they would drink, which was 5 pounds per day. They made no gain. The other lot were fed all the corn meal and skim-milk they cared for. They consumed 42 pounds of skim-milk (3 pounds per day) and 37 pounds of corn meal, gaining 13½ pounds. They were again placed together and fed the same food for eight weeks. During this period they altogether consume 344 pounds of corn meal and 336 pounds of skim milk, the milk being discontinued the last two weeks. Those which had previously been on skim milk diet for two weeks, gained 39 pounds, while those which had been fed corn meal with milk all the time, gained 71 pounds, or 32 pounds in favor of the latter. This simple experiment shows that a little cause may produce serious results, and that continuous good feeding is necessary to keep the growing animal in a condition to make the most of foods which may be given it in the future.—*Prairie Farmer.*

DIFFICULTY OF SAVING.

A Few Philosophical Observations from the Pacific Coast.

If some clever old inventor would only find some patent kind of a brake that we could put on time when we are growing old and stop its precipitate course down hill! I doubt if the old man who has lived a riotous youth and filled the cup of pleasure to the brim finds half so much pain in age and infirmity produced a few years earlier by that means as the old fellow who has pinched and saved and lived a sober and virtuous life, hoping when fortune came to "go in and make it up." Every thing in nature is against saving. The supply of its gifts is greater than there is any use for, if only there were no middlemen between us and nature charging a heavy profit. The world grows infinitely more than is needed to feed every body in it, but yet there is hunger and starvation and distress and poverty. And in the meantime the wheat ring holds the granaries full and the second-hand clothing stores are stuffed with clothes, which never seem to get out, even at a reduction, and only man saves himself, time and money, only to find that somehow he has not as much fun out of himself, his time or his money as he might have had. Give us a few years longer! Stop the years for a little rest at twenty-five or thirty and give us a chance to enjoy ourselves between youth and old age. We do not want those few odd years so much when we are approaching the grave, and that seems to be the place most people get them added on. But if we had only the power to put on the brake, let go the grip, so to speak, when a happy moment comes and keep it with us.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

——Wax a piece of buttonhole twist about two and a half feet long. Tie each end strongly to a small peg, and thrust the pegs down the crevice between the two sashes of your southern or western window, stretching the silk as tight as possible. It will surprise you with the sweetness and variety of the tones the wind will bring from it.